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THE PUBLIC'S NEMESIS.

That disagreeable sensation caused by the mental impression that somebody is pursuing you may be due to the fact that the railroad is assuming the role of Nemesis and have picked you as their victim. They are certainly after you, and they'll get you if you don't watch out.

By you we mean the public, the big patron, the consumer of transportation and other consumable things. You are the meat upon which this Caesar feeds, you are the tender nanny with which he delights to tickle his palate.

The railroads have failed to convince the public, if not the commerce commission, that those operating east of Chicago are entitled to a five per cent freight increase, and feeling convinced that the commerce commission will turn them down are proceeding to take it out of the public's hide in other ways. They are holding up inbound and outbound freight because of their inability to handle the business with their reduced forces, and now are pushing up the passenger rates.

Railroad officials insist upon princely salaries and stockholders must have big dividends to hold them. Officials and stockholders have been brought up that way and can't get over it. In some way the public must be forced to pay the freight. The railroads don't seem to see that they are creating public sentiment that will put two cents a mile law in more states and tighten the law down on them at every point, but that is going to be the result of the high handed outrages now being committed in the name of economy.

In reality there is no such word as economy in the railroad lexicon. Their policies are marked by extravagance and waste, waste of money, material, energy and even of human life. Their conception of a public utility is a private sinecure. They have no more interest in the public than that expressed by one of the Vanderbilts years ago.

CARRANZA A DIPLOMAT.

Gen. Carranza is a real diplomat. He knows on which side his bread is buttered. Looking through the aperture in the grindstone of Mexican politics he sees safety is sailing close to the signals set by the United States. Carranza has made an open bid for our friendship and cooperation in bringing peace to his distracted country, and it is not in us to turn our backs on his appeal.

"I possess a deep admiration for the American people," said Gen. Carranza, "and hold in great personal esteem Pres. Woodrow Wilson and William Jennings Bryan, the secretary of state of the United States of America. I know they are men of the very highest mentality as well as moral and political aims, and for that reason I think that their friendship toward Mexico and the sympathy evinced for the principles of the Mexican constitutionalists are not only sincere, but are entirely disinterested, and are the result of the existing harmony between the aims of the cause which I have the honor to represent and the ideals of American democracy."

That is what Pres. Wilson and Sec. Bryan hope Gen. Carranza represents. They are taking a chance on it. The general has stated accurately American sentiment. He appreciates the untiring patience with which the administration has dealt with the Mexican situation, or appears to. If he is sincere in his statements and purposes it will make the task of the United States easier than it could be hoped for if Huerta's policies succeed.

Mexico needs the moral backing of such nations as ours to enable it to restore the supremacy of law and order and to make progress in civilization and government. Carranza will be wise if he sticks to the policy suggested in his statement and Mexico will be fortunate if he succeeds in overthrowing Huerta.

THE ROAD TO JUSTICE.

A worker in an eastern brewery one day went to the boss and said that a co-worker had been stealing beer. Shopmates of the accused man rallied to his defense and told the boss that if he didn't "fire" the accuser they'd tie up the plant.

The accuser was "fired", whereupon he sued for damages the men who had forced him out.

The local judge refused to send the case to the jury, holding that the plaintiff had no ground for action. Plaintiff appealed and the higher court ordered a re-trial.

At the second trial a new judge ruled that workmen have the right to combine in a refusal to work with an objectionable co-worker, provided they do it "without evil intent".

Once more there was an appeal; and a second time the higher court reversed the lower court, holding that, although the combination of the accused man's friends to "get" the accuser was no longer viewed by the law as a criminal conspiracy, it rendered its members liable to whatever damages a jury might assess.

"The courts are still bound," the

opinion of the higher court concludes, "to protect the humblest laborer."

If we were to tell you the name of the state in which this ruling was made, its last sentence might strike you as a joke—the state was Pennsylvania.

But as an instance of how courts twist and squirm the case is interesting apart from its geography.

Do you see any need at all for so much backing and hauling? Isn't the way to human justice quite straight and plain? Why not pick a jury of workmen and let them decide? They'd soon find out whether the "fired" man had informed with good motive or had merely framed a job of spite.

FREAKS OF SUFFRAGE.

The influence of equal suffrage was the most interesting and significant factor in the Illinois elections on Tuesday. It was the one thing most eagerly scanned by newspaper readers the following morning. To a degree the result was to decide the question as to the attitude of women generally toward the use of the franchise and existing institutions which they were expected to antagonize.

The showing made was at once a disappointment and a confirmation of anticipation. In Chicago, where the women had an opportunity to turn the city over with a registered vote of 217,614 they cast only forty-three per cent of it, their indifference exceeding that of the men, who cast fifty-three per cent of their 455,253 registered votes. They did not support the women candidates for aldermen, but they did help to eliminate some of the undesirable.

It was a peculiar phase of the women's vote in Chicago that they appeared to take a more discriminating interest in the bond issues than in the moral aspect of the election. They seemed to have concentrated on the "little ballot" to save the city's money to the neglect of their avowed determination to eliminate certain elements in the city government. Out of the dozen bond propositions they defeated all but two or three, including the comprehensive subway.

Out in the state, where there were less distracting interests and the issue was directly "wet" or "dry" the women strongly manifested their antipathy to the saloon and yet improved only about one-third of their opportunity. Out of sixty-seven towns voting on option the drys carried forty-four and it is estimated put more than a thousand saloons out of business. The votes of women were felt with peculiar significance in the coal mining district in the southern part of the state, where they voted the towns dry. The uncertainties of female suffrage on the liquor question were illustrated in Springfield, where 4,300 women voted dry and 4,576 women voted wet. The same thing happened in Aurora, where the woman vote was equally divided.

A consignment of 6,792,360 eggs from China has been received at Vancouver for the American trade. That is 556,930 dozen, or about one egg to fifteen inhabitants. China will have to buy again to materially affect the well known high cost of living here.

Victor Berger, one time socialist member of congress, declares it is useless to try to make the American people to love the American flag under present conditions. But we wouldn't advise Victor or his ilk to start anything against the flag.

The whirling of the divorce court has made Mrs. Cornwallis-West Lady Randolph Churchill and Mrs. Pat Campbell Mrs. Cornwallis-West. The multiplicity of names is confusing, but the combination is there.

It is given out in advance that Miss Eleanor Wilson's favorite color is blue, ranging from French to the most delicate shades. And we presume Mr. McAdoo likes her best in any color, just so it's blue.

Colorado progressives have fenced themselves off from a merger with the G. O. P. And so it goes all over the country. The old pachyderm's daubers are down at both ends.

The W. C. T. U. will sincerely mourn the death of Mrs. Lillian M. W. Stevens, who was one of the most capable and zealous leaders of the movement.

Now a dentist suggests that women may have their teeth colored to match their hair and gowns. All right! Go ahead, and put the tattooed lady out of business too.

"Customs receipts higher despite tariff reductions," reads a news headline. Everything seems to be working against the standpatter.

Obituary notices written when C. W. Morse was dying in prison should be re-written. He's back from Europe in the pink of health.

This seems to be an open season for kissing pastors. Happily the hunting is good only in spots.

STATESMEN
REAL AND NEAR

BY FRED C. KELLY.

WASHINGTON, April 3.—Only one man in our midst, so far as can be learned, after a diligent and painstaking inquiry, has ever found the United States marine band placed as a huge bunker in his path when he tried to nibble his way into congress.

The one man who had to scale or dodge the United States marine band was, or is, Charles Martin Borchers of Decatur, Ill. Borchers ran for congress against former Representative William B. McKinley, who was known during his term in congress as the Human Christmas Tree because of the alacrity with which he showered food and other high-priced gifts on his associates. McKinley felt that if congress by the United States marine band would add one whit to the sum total of happiness and joy throughout his district, and increase his chances for re-election one jot or tittle, the least he could do would be to provide the concerts. Being a multi-millionaire and being also the manager of the Taft presidential campaign, he was able to arrange for the band to shift its field of operations from the District of Columbia to Illinois.

Everybody agreed that it was perfectly lovely of Mr. McKinley to let the home folks in on the same music that is played for functions at the white house, but all this was touch on Borchers. His cow was causing him enough handicap, even without the United States marine band to figure on, and there were days when he feared he wouldn't reach congress at all.

There is no animal that Borchers dotes on as he does on a cow. The cow is a patient dumb animal that provides us with milk and cream and butter, and sleeps in stables on nests of straw, while horses and mules are used more as beasts of burden, and from the hen we obtain nice fresh eggs with which we can make egg-nogs, custard pies and

Well, anyway, Borchers was greatly attached to his cow. Up to the time he entered his campaign for congress he had always milked the cow with his own hands, and he took great pride in the fact that none but he had performed that simple yet important chore. No matter how important a lawsuit had engaged his attention all day he liked to go to the barn in the evening and listen to the squiz, squiz, squiz, squiz of the warm milk into the large pail.

Imagine the situation. On the one hand was McKinley and the United States marine band making it necessary for him to campaign vigorously in all parts of the district, or else be lost sight of amidst so much musical competition. And on the other hand was the milking to be done night and morning.

He finally compromised on making a few quick dashes out over the district, intrusting the milking to his wife, who also was reared on a farm and could milk a cow just as well as Borchers could himself.

And that, by the way, brings us to a touch of romance. Borchers spent his early life as a farm hand and got his education mostly at noon hours while the plow horses were resting and masticating the oats. In the autumn he used to go about from one farm to another and hire out to assist in husking the golden corn. The last place he ever did corn husking was at a farm where there were six attractive young daughters in the family. Borchers was particularly impressed by one of these and he used to follow her about and engage her in conversation while watching the deft manner in which she milked the cows. When the time came for him to be separated from his cow to campaign for congress, Borchers thought of those earlier days, and he felt that his wife was the one person to whom he could intrust the milking.

Since reaching Washington Borchers has had to face another trying situation and has been compelled to change the style of his mustache as a possible solution of his troubles. He and James Wickersham, delegate to congress from Alaska, are almost exact doubles. Both have—or did have—short little stubby mustaches, a heavy coating of hair and a similar arrangement of facial features. They are exactly the same height and weight, and one can scarcely tell them apart, even though Wickersham is about 12 years the older. A few weeks ago, Wickersham delivered a vigorous speech in support of the proposition for a government railroad in Alaska. The speech made a strong impression, but scarcely a word of congratulation did he receive. Everybody showered the congratulations on Borchers who was unable to get anything done for the day or two but devote himself to explaining that he is not Wickersham, but Borchers. If he walks along the street, he cannot proceed far until somebody stops him to discuss the situation in Alaska. The Alaskan territory has become such a nuisance to him that he fairly hates the place.

Wickersham similarly wastes a lot of time conveying assurance to people that he is not Borchers. One day recently the two met to see what could be done in the way of arbitration. Both agreed that, come what may, they will never forsake their high principles that have actuated them thus far in life. So it was no use to talk any farther about either one raising side whiskers. Inasmuch as Wickersham was first, it was conceded to be no more than fair that Borchers should make most of the facial sacrifices. So Borchers is going to let his mustache grow to two or three times its normal size in the hope that it will end the confusion. If necessary he may let it grow until he has a long drooping circus-proprietor-mustache like that worn by Senator Walsh of Montana.

(Copyright, 1914, by Fred C. Kelly. All rights reserved.) Mr. Hobson is again clinging to the wreck of his political hopes—but the situation is not as dramatic as that at Santiago.

A minister asks: Can a man be proud of a lie? Depends on his success in making anyone believe it, largely.

Just because a man doesn't clap his hands for an encore some folks think he's dancing with his wife.

THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

THROUGH THE YEAR WITH LONGFELLOW.

If there be sympathy between the mind of the writer and reader, the bounds and barriers of a foreign tongue are soon overlapped. . . . In every man he loves his humanity only, not his superiority.

—Hyperion.

WHAT'S the use of shipping in China eggs?—We can't eat what we make here.

IN deference to tradition the house of lords is to be permitted to debate and act on a new bill, but it doesn't make a particle of difference what the lords do with it. The house of lords has become a very interesting relic.

A Forgettery.

Mary had a little trunk,
We all have known the kind,
And everywhere that Mary went
She left her things behind.
—New York Sun.

Mary had a little grip,
The suitcase kind, you see,
And everywhere that Mary went
She forgot to turn the key.

A TRIP from New York to Colorado would take a fortnight at least and that would have kept young Mr. Rockefeller away from his Bible class for two Sundays.

The Busz Saw at Work.
(Fort Waukegan Journal-Gazette.)
The Busz was given divorce from Frank S. Busz. She was given the custody of the children.

IF any preliminary correspondence passed between them we can hear Mrs. Pat Campbell saying to Cornwallis West: "Did I write that?"

WERE we disposed to declaim against the eccentricities of our climate we ought to do it today. We are in the mood when declaiming finds its highest development. But we refrain. What is the use of weather? When the weather will have its own way.

The sun may be shining tomorrow. Though we certainly doubt it today.

A One Hand Tragedy.
(Warren, O. Chronicle.)
One hand got off.
Oh, the pity of it!

Passengers at the Erie station this morning looked on in sorrow, utterly unable to render help.

One hand got off, a man of age and possessing only one hand.
No wonder many a man looked on in silent sympathy.

No wonder a tear trembled on the eyelids of many a woman.
Only one hand!

What pathetic features often may be found in the waste places of the earth!
The Erie clock.
Only one hand!

ANNUALLY, with the return of the baseball season the office boy comes up for discussion, and it is on the baseball basis, we presume, that a scientist calculates that the subject of consid-

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY

HUMANITIES OF INDUSTRY.

Germany may always be relied upon to furnish a happy surprise in the way of industrial reform. The latest news from the fatherland is that all of the owners of metal factories in Berlin have united and purchased a 210 acre tract of land near the city which will be equipped for taking care of the victims of factory accidents.

Eventually, too, it is planned to build on this tract a number of small houses with from a quarter to half an acre of land allotted to each house as a garden. In these houses the victims of industrial accidents who require a long period of convalescence will settle with their families. The rent for such a house and garden will be much smaller than such a family would have to pay for a cramped apartment in the city. This will give not only the injured father but his wife and children a chance to recuperate.

In these troubled days of unemployment, and poverty, and gloomy assertions of social retrogression and decay it is a relief to find such humanities in industry, even if they are in a country other than our own.—Chicago Tribune.

PREFERRED TO LEARN.

Children are often originators of clever ideas and suggestions. If we but take the time we can be taught many things by children. Willie Brown, the boy champion corn grower of Arkansas, refused a free sight-seeing trip to Washington, D. C., offered as a prize by the department of agriculture in recognition of his ability at growing the best crop of corn in Arkansas. Willie Brown preferred to take a short course in agriculture in some good farm school. And right here the department of agriculture at Washington learned to value more highly the wisdom and business acumen of a boy, particularly of boys like Willie Brown.

Willie Brown's refusal of a free trip to the national capital caused the wise heads in Washington to pause and do a little thinking themselves. They asked themselves this question—If Willie Brown, the boy champion corn raiser, could rather than take a short course in agriculture than a free trip to the seat of government, wouldn't it be a splendid thing to adopt his plan for all farmer boys' contests in which the prize heretofore has been a trip to the capital? Willie Brown's judgment in the matter moved the officials to give him what he wanted. And in the future the prize for these state winners will be a year's course in some agricultural college or in some agricultural high school.

Secretary Houston, of the department of agriculture, agrees with Willie Brown that a year's training is of more value than a flying trip to Washington, D. C.—Evansville Courier.

PEACE BE WITH HIM.

There probably is not a baseball fan in this country who hasn't voiced his appreciation and admiration of "Rube" Waddell. He was only a ball player. Perhaps we should rather say: He was a ball player, and some other thing.

Lajoie said of him—and one can almost hear the sadness in the words—"He was a wonderful pitcher, a great athlete, with the heart of a child."

Isn't that a rather fine epitaph?

eration wastes 15 tons of energy daily. We can think of no other way in which an office boy sheds energy.

WE know nothing about it, of course, but we feel quite sure the result in Alabama was not Hobson's choice.

WHEN asked by a magistrate if she was guilty "Gen." Flora Drummond, the militant suffragist, shrieked "Votes for Women," which in England is accepted as a tacit admission of doing anything from tongue lashing a bobby to blowing a palace.

Our Daily Parade.
(Kokomo Dispatch.)
John Forrey had lots of fun for a while when Andrew Shrock and John Hammer broke in the glass of the front door of his store. In scuffling over a card board to keep count of the contents of a jar of corn, rice and pop tops, which he had in a guessing contest. The winner who got the stove was Jess Striben. The lucky guess was 2,210.

READERS who are following the fortunes of Warren and Helen, and it looks like a summer excursion, can secure stopover checks from the gentlemanly conductor or take side trips without extra charge.

A Message From Kilm.
(Kendallville News-Sun.)
If you've seen the latest issues, As I have no doubt you have done, I refer to our home paper.

The Daily News and Sun.
Then no doubt you may have noticed What a roasting I have given me. On that fire at the city hall, But I know you'll all agree, The firemen all done their best, As those 'twas there well knows. But they worked to disadvantage. For they had some busted hose. That is why we called in Garrett. The town on the B. & O.

Who responded very quickly. Made an eighteen minute go. It's true the boys were playing rhum, Just to pass away the time. But the people that were playing Did not include that chieftain Kilm. It was not any fault of his. That George was not there that night. His business kept him at the store. Which he thought then all right. Now boys, you've had your outing. So just let up for a time. And list to what I am saying. 'Tis a message from George Kilm.

—H. D. WARD.
THE appearance of "Butch" Hayes on our well known streets was to our disciples of Isaac Walton what the lighted fuse is to the powder. The reception held by Autocrat of Diamond Lake at the American Trust company attracted most of the live bait nuts.

WITH the close of the Methodist conference in Mishawaka chicken experienced a sharp decline.

Between a gownless back And a backless gown, There's little for sure to choose, But if we must say Which we would prefer, We feel that we cannot refuse.

C. N. F.

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY

"Rube" Waddell is dead. He met and fought the malady that claims so many, but with no better success than the thousands who before him have laid down their lives a tribute and a sacrifice.

But he was a wonderful man in his way. He perhaps lacked something of the stability of the great pitchers; but who shall say that he did not succeed? He played his part. He won to fame in his chosen career. He played clean. What more could any man do? He will be remembered for a long time, and he will be sincerely mourned. Who among us achieve more than that?—Springfield (Ohio) Journal.

REFORM FOR THE FEDERAL COURTS.

For a time the agitation of business men, the press and progressive judges and lawyers in favor of modernization and simplification of legal procedure and practice seemed vain and barren of results. But no good fight is vain. Slowly, perhaps, but surely sound arguments and eloquent facts overcome indifference and indolence, superstition and inertia.

Law reform is coming in the United States. It is coming in state courts and in federal courts. Professional and business sentiment is becoming increasingly active on the right side.

The Record-Herald has recorded the progress of the movement for reform in the procedure of the local courts. The report of the house judiciary committee on the Clayton bill is a very encouraging document. The measure empowers the supreme court to adopt new rules of practice for the inferior federal courts. Complete and radical changes are necessary, and no one doubts that the supreme court will use the ax boldly on technicality and empty forms. Efficiency and method in the federal courts would afford daily object lessons to state courts.

Congress is very busy and has turning questions on its hands. But law reform is also a vital matter, and it should be found at this session, in both houses of congress, for final action on the Clayton bill.—Chicago Record-Herald.

NERVOUS?

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DRUGGIST
209 South Michigan Street.

Twenty Years Ago

Reminders From the Columns of The Daily Times.

Railroad companies were required to pay all the expense of maintaining street lights at their crossings.

Real estate transactions for the month to date, \$43,579.40; for the year, \$587,260.28.

Reba Ireland entertain 20 girls in celebration of her ninth birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Marc Sherwood of Chicago were guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Wyman.

Daniel Greene, Elmer Crockett, M. R. McCracken went to Valparaiso to attend the Logansport presbytery.

As a well dressed woman was crossing Washington st. at Michigan this forenoon, there dropped from her clothes a knife that fairly raised the hair of a male onlooker, who captured the long and shining blade. The knife was not returned to the loser.

IT'S GREAT FOR BALKY BOWELS AND STOMACHS.

We want all people who have chronic stomach trouble or constipation, no matter of how long standing, to try one dose of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy—one dose will convince you. This is the medicine so many of our local people have been taking with surprising results. The most thorough system cleanser we ever sold. Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy is only sold here by Lewis C. Landon & Co., Chas. Conoley & Co. and Red Cross Pharmacy, Mishawaka, Indt.

HE CAN TELL.

Hoax—The trouble with horse racing is that you can't always pick the winner.

Joax—No, but I can tell when a man is a loser the minute I see him.

Wash and scrub yourself to beat the band, but you ain't cleaning your stomach, bowels and insides—Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will do it slick and quick. Try it this Spring. 35c. Tea or Tabs.—Conoley Drug Store.—Advt.

Increased Property Values

Value of property depends upon the improvements. A few dollars spent for improvements is sure to bring rich returns in selling or renting a home. No one thing advances values more and costs so little as ELECTRIC WIRING.

No home can be called modern without Electric service. At this time so many people are accustomed to Electric service and its advantages, that to rent or sell property without it is difficult and unprofitable.

Why not bring your property to the front by modernizing the house with Electric Wiring?

It is no longer an expense but an investment that brings rich returns.

Wiring is done at very low cost and with little or no inconvenience, floors and walls need not be disfigured nor furniture disturbed.

The best wiring offer and the greatest inducements ever made are now in force. Let us explain how we can wire at cost, allow twelve months to pay and allow the first three months' current FREE.

A call on either phone will bring our representative to you during the day or in the evening.

Indiana & Michigan Electric Company

220-222 W. COLFAX AV.

Home 5462.

Bell 462

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A Title Insurance policy will not change a bad title into a good one any more than a fire insurance will keep your building from burning. It will protect you from loss, however, should anyone claim an interest in the property insured.

Indiana Title and Loan Company

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CLEANER AND CARPET
SWEEPER ONLY \$5.75
DURING OUR FIRST ANNUAL SPRING SALE.

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